PS 2675
.R4 M3
Copy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. RS2675 Copyright No.

Shelf R4M3

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Margaret Brown

Margaret Brown

NEW YORK
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY
900 Broadway, Cor. 20th Street

Copyright, 1885, by ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY

PS 2675
T+M°

I.

HARD by the brook, beyond the town,
Where stands the leafless locust-tree,
There is a cottage, old and brown,
Which rearward looks upon the town,
But faces to the sea.

II.

THE walks with grass are overgrown,
And weeds fill up the garden bed ;
The moss clings to the stepping-stone,
And from the tree the birds have flown,
Now that the tree is dead.

III.

'MID all these dreary signs without,
And scarce a sound of life within,
The passer stops and looks about,
As half in fear and half in doubt
Of what may here have been.

IV.

AH! 'tis a simple tale, and rare,
Of life the stranger can not know:
There is a presence in the air,
As if of angels watching there,
Or passing to and fro.

VI.

HERE she was born, and here was wed,
Here grew her children by her side,
Till one by one from her they fled;
And there they laid her husband dead,
Brought shoreward by the tide.

V.

HERE Margaret lives, "old Margaret Brown,"—
Thus doth the clerk her name record,
With what is given by the town ;
Nor notes what daily is sent down
In blessings from the Lord.

VII.

THUS blessings came, thus from her went;
God's love by sun and shadows shown:
You say a heart so torn and rent,
With all its loving forces spent,
Might harden into stone.

IX.

OH! faithless soul that would not know,
Who ever watched or went before;
And sought in all those waves of woe,
In all their flood and overflow,
To give thee peace once more.

BROWN

I.

OH, happy day, but all too brief,
And night more precious still than day,
When she obtained the dear relief,
That left her still the sense of grief,
But stole the sting away!

II.

SHE sat in silence with her dead,
When Jesus came, and called her name:
One answering word, and fear and dread
Went out, and unto her, instead,
A holy quiet came.

III.

OH! change that did her soul astound,
The Lord had come, and talked with her,
And all her grief with comfort crowned:
She had, once more, the Master found,
Beside the sepulchre.

IV.

LONG years have passed: poor, blind, and old,
She waits until God's will is done;
And yet her closèd eyes behold
That world of glories manifold,
And Jesus as the sun.

V.

WHAT if the sea roar up the beach,
The leafless tree the sound prolong?
Her soul its resting-place can reach,
Still tune the common words of speech
Into a thankful song.

VI.

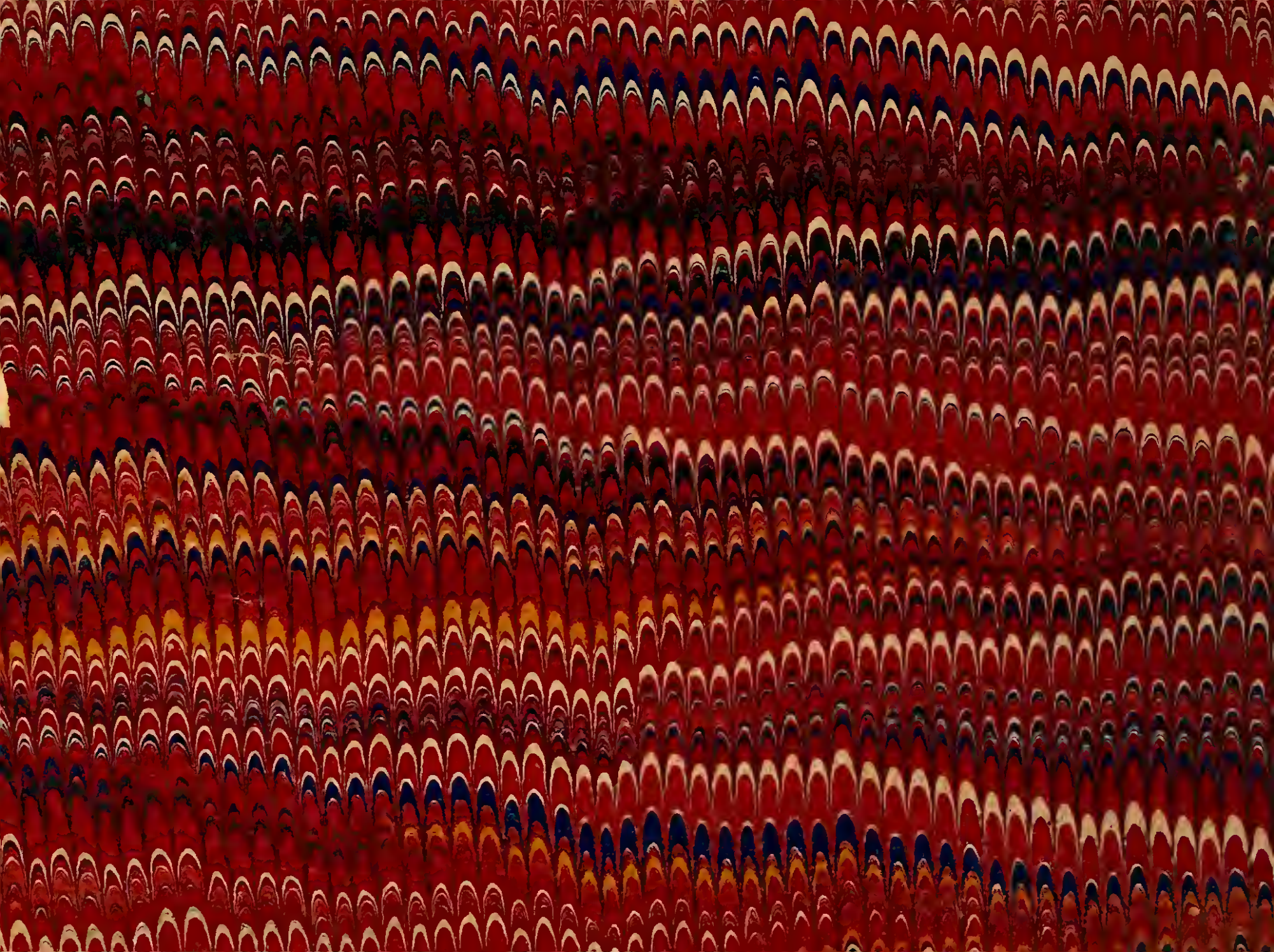
WHAT if the stone no more be pressed
By steps that woke a welcome sound?
Her loving heart is full of rest;
With her abides a heavenly guest,—
The Lord whom she has found.

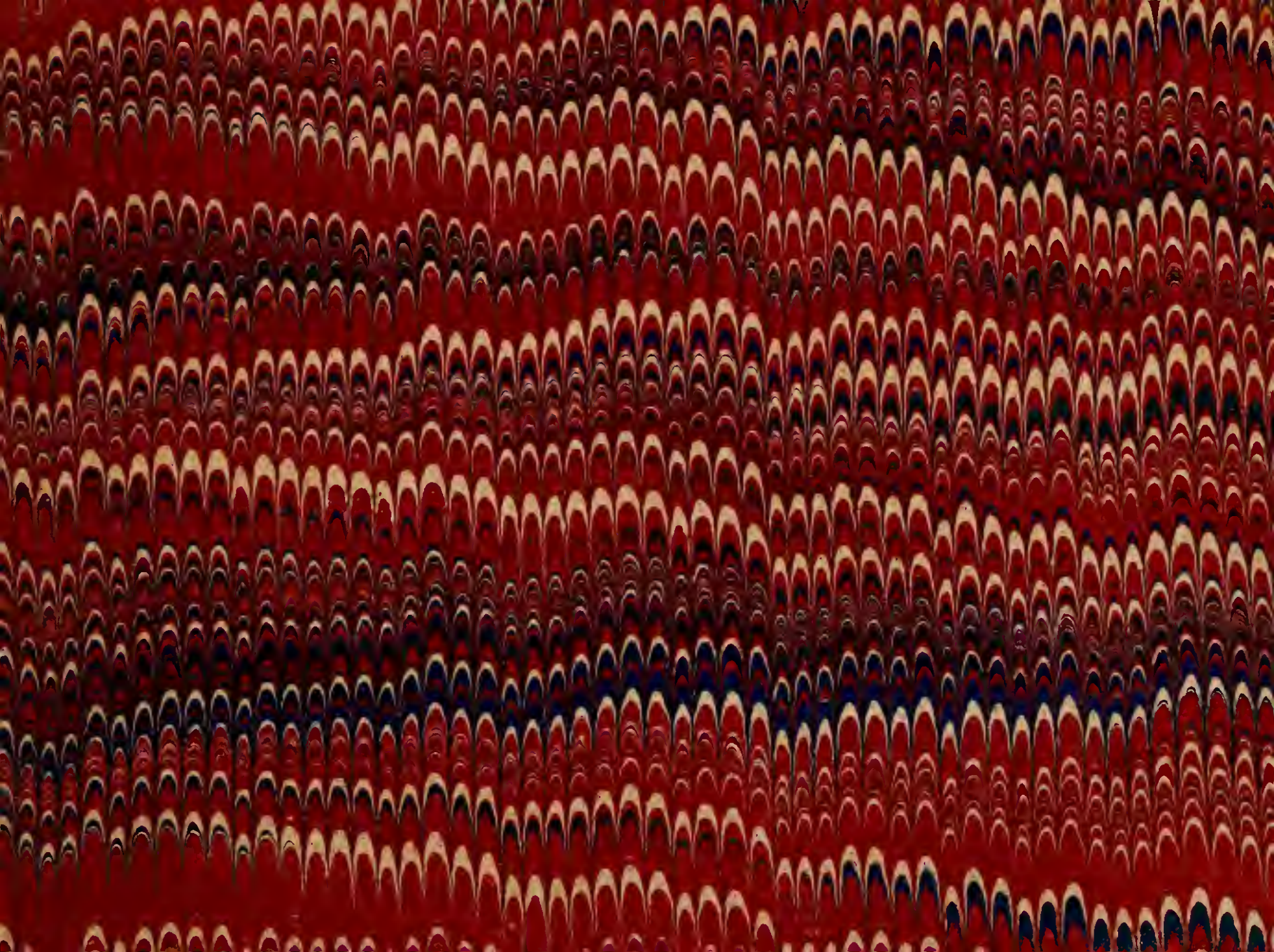
VII

AND if the birds have spread the wing,
The walk with grass be overgrown,
She seems to hear the downward ring
Of songs, such as the angels sing
Where sorrow is unknown.

VIII.

O WORLD! with all thy pomp and pride,
So poor, so full of doubt and fear:
Lo, Christ, with gifts to thee denied,
Has every longing satisfied,
And built His temple here.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 165 671 9